

Starry Eyes by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: AU, Byeler - Freeform, Fluff, M/M, Modern Era, Secret Admirer, byler, ig

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Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

He stands by his locker. It's only a few feet away. The letter wrinkles as he tightens his grip. He shoves it in quickly, better do it fast before he changes his mind. He runs off, silently worries if anyone notices. You are like the galaxy. So beautiful, so mysterious.

This is a modern AU by the way, also Will and Mike don't know each other. Sorry, this took so long, hope it was worth the wait. This is just a reupload from my tumblr, 1980swheeler,, yea

Starry Eyes

Mike shuffles awkwardly to his locker. He unlocks it with shaky hands and hastily grabs his books. He was going to be late for 3rd period and honestly, he didn't need his teacher to hate him more than she already did.

As he manhandles the oversized textbook, he couldn't help but notice the lined sheet of paper flutter down to the ground. It was crumbled slightly and folded oddly. On one side was sloppy handwriting that read "to Mike Wheeler".

Mike scans the other side though there was no indication of who it was from. He didn't have time to ponder on it much as the late bell had rings and Mike scrambles off to his next class. Just after slipping the note in between the pages of his textbook.

Mike throws his textbook onto his desk and plops himself down into his deckchair. As he flips through the pages, he comes face to face with a familiar scrap piece of paper. He takes a second to realize it was the letter that was nested in his locker. He unfolds it carefully but as quickly as he could. he was eager to read it, to find out what secrets it holds.

As he opens it, his eyes are greeted by the sight of a small block of text and an even smaller doodle at the end. Mike takes in each messily written word.

"Mike.

You are like the galaxy. So beautiful, so mysterious. Your freckles are the space dust. Your eyes shine like the stars. And just like the galaxy, I can't seem to look away. And I wonder to myself, how can someone be so beautiful? When you flash a smile, I can't help but feel light headed. You make it feel okay when I know my entire world is crumbling down. I'm addicted to the way you make me feel."

The letter was signed off was a messy sketch of a staff. Mike holds it

close to his heart, the one that booms in his chest. He thinks maybe just maybe it will burst out of his chest and fly free like a bird. And if it did, Mike wasn't too sure of what he would do.

This note made Mike feel special. It made his cheeks burn red and it made his chest swell up with an appreciation for the writer. It was a shame Mike hadn't a clue of who had left the lined sheet of paper in his beat-up school locker. Of who had written such candied words. He reread the note and he read it once more. Yet, the handwriting of secret admirer didn't ring a bell.

Mike huffed helplessly. He wanted to know. But, he hadn't the slightest clue of who it could be. It wasn't any of his friends as the handwriting doesn't match any of theirs. Or maybe it was, he wasn't too sure as his mind was racing and he felt as he was having a small heart attack. A good kind of heart attack of course. (Though, I don't think you can have a good kind of heart attack, but I digress.) Still, he doubts it greatly.

“Michael! Time for bed lights out!”

Mike shook his head as a way of trying to clear his thoughts, although he fails, and shoves his textbook along with other school supplies into his bag. He shuts off the lights and throws himself onto the bed before his mom can catch him awake. He closes his eyes tightly and tries to not think of the note.

But, since Mike is Mike, all he can think about is the note. Resulting in him not getting a wink of sleep.

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Mike and his bike wobble into the school grounds after almost crashing into multiple people several times. He parks his bike at the bike rack where Dustin and Lucas stand waiting for him. As he walks up to them, they look at him intensely.

“What?” Mike said, toying with his sleeve nervously. “There's this thing called sleep. Ever heard of it?” Dustin says, chuckling slightly. Mike rolls his eyes and walks through the school doors, Lucas and Dustin just behind.

Mike sits in his uncomfortable plastic chair. He tapped his red pen on the wore out school desk, watching the minutes tick by. His math teacher rambled off about algebra and expressions, but mind was on something else.

Ever since the letter appeared in his locker, he couldn't stop thinking about. The enchanted words created butterflies that flutter in Mike's stomach. As his thoughts were so engrossed in the topic of the letter, he couldn't feel the stare from the lovestruck boy just a few seats behind him.